PRICE SHOT TWO OFFICERS.

In Plain Clothes, They Arrested Mrs. Price for Selling Whiskey.

DISGUISED THEMSEVES.

Obeyed Orders and Loafed Around the Little Shop on Cherry Hill.

GOT INTO THE BACK ROOM.

Then Out Came a Fat, Black Bottle, Although the Prices Have No Excise License.

OLD MAN FOUGHT FOR HIS WIFE

Shot Schultz in the Leg, and, After a Struggle, Put His Pistol to Press's Head and Fired-Both Policemen Will Probably Recover.

Two young and very earnest policemen induced a woman to sell whiskey to them yesterday in the back room of her husband's little shop on Cherry Hill. Her husband has no license to sell whiskey. So, having paid for the drink, these two policemen, obeying orders, arrested the woman for violating that learned and just law named after Raines. Her husband, infuriated, tried to kill the pollcemen, and only their good luck and his bad aim saved them. As it was, both were grievously

The policemen are Robert L. Press and Edward Schultz, of the Oak Street Station. Press is but twenty-three years old, and was made a policeman two years ago. Schultz is twenty-six years old and has months. Acting Captain McNally, who has been vigorously enforcing the Raines law, detailed them to watch John Price's notion



officers. You're under arrest. he was interested that he went to Europe, the house."

"yelled Mrs. Price, very angry, woman who has been deceived, ago. His mission was to close the sale of aggled with the policemen when

The strain of the control of the con

HAS SIX SOLID

Kirk, the Greatest Dresser of Modern Times, Is in Our Midst.

Afternoon.

IF THE WEATHER HOLDS FAIR.

Imports His Own Goods, Coaches His Tailors, and is Bound to Show New York Something Worthy of Note.

Very modestly he entered the Hotel Imperial yesterday and wote on the register. "Jos. W. Kirk, Chicago." Yet this guest is acknowledged to be the best drossed man that ever came across the Divide.

Aş a general thing he registers as J. Walders Kirk, and why he failed to do syesterday is a mystery. It was runored that he did it because had he shortened his name to a simple "J" it might have given the young men of the Kinkleerbocker Club an inkling what to expect on Fifth are not to day where Mr. Kirk is scheduled to appear.

He entered the Imperial wearing a simple gray traveiling suit, but to-day he will have on a frock coat that is a dream. He was a late in arriving. The telegraph from Philadelphia had flashed the information that he would be on the noon truin, but it was of o'clock before his coach drove up. The clerks and bell boys were prepared for him, but the youths of the town who had waited for hours hoping to steal his locks of dress had gone away disappointed.

He is good to look at. In facial appearance there is no one at the Racquet Club who can surpass him. His brow is brond and fair, his checks roseate with health, ble sees brown and sparktline, his strength of the content of the horse who had waited for hours hoping to steal his locks of dress had gone away disappointed.

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nnce there is no one at the Racquet Club who can surpass him. His brow is broad

MULIUMARE SMUSGLER.

The row policemen, it seems, preferror to day on the district before the first all many and convening clary of the same and tool him be way under arrest. Eight and washing the control of the same and the s

in public esteem, are indicated and assured by his noble record, at the bottom of it a sterling manhood and a lofty Christian character."

Edward G. Langhorne is general manager of the American Arithmometer Company, which is engaged in the manufacture

The was still "Joe." The "J. Waldere" came later. At the age of fifteen he left his widowed mother and went to Dayton, Ohio, to be a bill clerk in a whole the primary grades of "the thing of which he produced pictures drawn by pupils of pany, which is engaged in the manufacture.

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lar was at least three inches high, with edges slightly turned. His crayat was a flat scarf in bright magents, and tucked in it was a massive pearl of pear shape, surrounded at the base by lanumerable diamonds, small enough not to be flashy.

From the two lower pockets of his waistcoat extended a fine gold chain. Now mark, this chain did not go through a buttonbudge.

Novel Treatment of Patier at Bellevue Hospital for Atrophy. HE IS TRULY A WONDER.

At one end was a gold hunting-case watch, with the initials "J. W. K." in small diamonds, and on the other end was a tiny gold barometer. J. Waldere always carries a barometer. He gets in out of the wet and saves his clothes by so doing.

His shirt, nearly hidden by the scarf, was of the impressionist school. It was unquestionably woven white, but a dyer had thrown red aniline at it from the nd of a whitewash brush, so that the bosom and

UNDER WATER 60 HOURS

Liquid.

MEN INTERESTE

See the state of t